FATHER Whitebreads Walking GHOST

Which lately appear'd to a

CABAL OF JESUITS IN DRURY-LANE.

BE quick, dull Souls, pray hard, new Altars raise,
Fresh Tapers light, 'till Night out-shine the Days;
Let Masses numberless performed be,
That I from Purgatory may be free:
What! do you startle, you ungrateful Crew?
Know you not him so late was one of you?
What, in the Name o'th' Devil, do you do?
Must I, who once your best Adviser stood,
Whose Vote you never mist for Fire and Blood;

Must I, who did my self your Martyr give,
Be tortur'd here, and Hereticks still live?
Did you not tell me once these Burnings shou'd
Be quench'd with Floods of Hereticks fresh Blood?
And that those Fires, I once advised to,
Should lessen those were to be felt below?
What hinders then, that these things are not so?
I hope you're not at length Religious grown,
And so through fear your Mothers Cause disown;
No, no, I know our Orders too far in
Ever to make a boggle at a sin,
And so well practic'd, that they may defie
All the whole World beside at Villany.
What is it then that makes our Project stay?
While you as dull as my disserted Clay,
Your inmischievous heads together lay:
You can't want Stratagems while Hell's your Friend
Nor Money whensoe're to *Rome* you send;
You can't want Presidents of daring Sin,
Who also have of our own Order been.
Think on that matchless Assassin, whose name
We with just Pride and so much Envy claim.
He who at killing of an Emperor,
To give his Poyson stronger force and power,
Mixt a God with it to make it work more sure.
Oh memory! which shall, the age to come,
Stand sacred in the List of Hell and *Rome*.
Let our great *Clement*, *Raviliac*'s Name,
Your Spirits to like heights of sin inflame:
Those mighty Souls who each durst bravely dye,
To have a Royal Ghost their Company;
Heroick Act, and worth their Tortures well,
Well worth the sufferings of a double Hell;
And if these cannot move ye as they should,
Let *Garnet*'s bold Example fire your blood,

Think

Think what he durſt attempt, a glorious deed;
Which durſt the Fates have ſuffered to ſucceed,
Had Rival'd Hells moſt proud exploit and boaſt,
Even that which would the King of Fates depos'd
Who juſtly fear'd leſt he who ſtruck ſo high,
In guilt ſhould next blow up his Realm and Sky:
Or if you think theſe Patterns fetcht too far,
Let our ſucceſs with *Godfrey* be your Spur.
Are ye not Jeſuits? are you ſo for naught?
In all the Catholick Depths of Treaſon taught;
In Orthodox and ſolid poyſoning red,
And each profounder Art of Killing bred.
And can you fail and bungle in your Trade,
Shall one poor Life your Cowardiſe upbraid;
Lives yet that hated Enemy of our Cauſe,
Lives he our mighty Projects to oppoſe;
Were I now man, and the great Act to do,
He 'ad dy'd by this, and been what I am now.
'Twere true ingenious malice could one do't,
To make men dye, and make them damn'd to boot:
Try then whatere your Art and Heart can do,
Out-fly old Preſidents and enter new,
Haſten and let your Deeds foreſtal intent,
Foreſtal even Wiſhes ere they can take vent,
Nor give the Fates the leiſure to prevent.
Let the fired City to your Plot give light,
You raiz'd it half before, now raize it quite;
Do't more effectually, I'd ſee it glow
In Flames unquenchable as thoſe below.
I'd ſee the Miſcreants with the Houſes burn,
And both together into Aſhes turn.
What never *Saxons* Rage could here inflict,
Nor *Danes* more Savage, nor the barbarous *Pict*;
What *Spain* nor 88 could ne're deviſe,
With all its Fleet and Freight of Cruelties;

What

What Heavens Judgments, nor the angry Stars,
Forreign Invasion, nor Domestick Wars,
Plague, Fire and Famine, could effect or do,
All this and more be dar'd and done by you.

If I may waste a Prayer for your success,
Hell be your aid, and your high Projects bless.
And may that Wretch if any here there be,
That meanly shrinks from brave iniquity,
If any dare feel pity or remorse,
May he feel all I bid you act, or worse.

Doe Ill,

Farewel.

FINIS.